

Moonsorrow "Luopion Veri"

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Auringon kullanhohde hiipuu pimeyteen,
petollisen valloittajan loppu lÃ¤henee.
Usvaisten metsien kansa valmistautuu
hyÃ¶kkÃ¤ykseen,
isiensÃ¤ uskon puolesta se taistelee.

Kun valo katoaa he esiin marssivat
ja miekat rautaiset pian ilmassa tanssivat.
Ei henkiin kukaan jÃ¤Ã¤, he kaiken tuhoaa.
On vasara heill' kaulalla, risti ruohikkoon putoaa.

Teurastus alkakoon...
Kuoloon luopion...

Vihollisen veri virtaa miekan kahvalle
kun terÃ¤ sitÃ¤ janoten jo syÃ¶ksyy syvÃ¤lle.

Profeetan lapset,
kohtalonne on kirjoitettu miekkojemme teriin.
Liian kauan olette maitamme asuttaneet.

Emme tarvitse vapahtajaanne,
emme valkoista valhettanne.
Kahlitsematonta ette voi vapauttaa.

Luonto on Ã¤itimme,
hÃ¤nen povellaan alttarimme.
PyhimpÃ¤mme kaikkialla ympÃ¤rillÃ¤ asustaa.

Hanget sÃ¤ihkyvÃ¤t, kosket kuohuvat.
Ne jumalamme ovat,
omaamme emme anna pois.

Pohjoiseen olitte saapuva,
kaukaa tulitte
ja sinne joudutte vielÃ¤ kerran palaamaan.

SillÃ¤ jÃ¤lleen keihÃ¤Ã¤mme
saalistavat luopioiden verta.

Kuolema lampaille jotka riistivÃ¤t uskomme,
Pohjolasta poistukaa tai kohdatkaa kostomme.

On jumalanne meille vieras olento,
se ikuisuusiin kadotkoon, vihamme tuntekoon.

Pian armoa jo anotaan, ei pelastusta nÃ¤y.
MetsÃ¤n piiloon samotaan, tie kirveen terÃ¤Ã¤n kÃ¤y.
On taistelu koht' voitettu, jo aamu sarastaa,
pian soturimme ratsastaa kohti Tuonelaa.

Kohti Tuonelaa...
Valloittaja katoaa...

Vihollisen veri virtaa miekan kahvalle
kun terÃ¤ sitÃ¤ janoten jo syÃ¶ksyy syvÃ¤lle.

Verta vuodattakaa... kuolemaa...
Rauta kalskahtaa... tuskaa...
Tappakaa... kylvÃ¤kÃ¤Ã¤ tuhoa...
TerÃ¤t tanssikkaa... verta janoten...

[English translation:]

[BLOOD OF AN APOSTATE]

Dying out is the sheen of the sun, darkness
closing in
and the conqueror so treacherous stands at his mortal
end.
The people of the deep woods gathering for attack,
for the faith of their fathers' they now raise all arms.

When the light disappears they march in from
everywhere
and soon their swords made of iron clatter in the air.
There's no one to survive, everything they will destroy.
Sign of the hammer they carry, to the ground all
crosses fall.

Let the slaughter begin...
Until the traitor's end...

The blood of an enemy is pouring down the sword
whilst the blade thirsting for it dashes deeper in.

Children of the prophet,
your fate is written within the steel of our blades.
For too long have you inhabited our lands.

We do not need your savior,
we do not need your lies.
Whoever is unfettered, no man can set him free.

Nature is our mother,
our altar on her bosom.
The most sacred of ours dwell everywhere around.

Now see the snowdrifts shine, hear the rapids
rush.
They are the gods we worship
and we will not forsake what's ours.

And you came up north,
so far from home
where you shall once again return.

For once more do our spears prey on the blood of
the apostates.

Death to the sheep who deprived us of our faith,
either withdraw from the north or our vengeance you
shall know.
The god of yours is such a distant creature to our folk,
it shall vanish into eternities with our wrath upon.

Soon imploring for mercy with no escape in
sight.
Running through the forests but never hiding from our
blades.
The battle soon is overcome, the morning rays do rise,
and soon do our great warriors ride onwards to
Tuonela.

Onwards to Tuonela...
And the conqueror is gone...

The blood of an enemy is pouring down the sword
whilst the blade thirsting for it dashes deeper in.

Shed the blood... death overcome...
Sound the clash of iron... pain overcome...
Kill them all... sow destruction...
Clatter in the air... declare a hunt for blood...

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